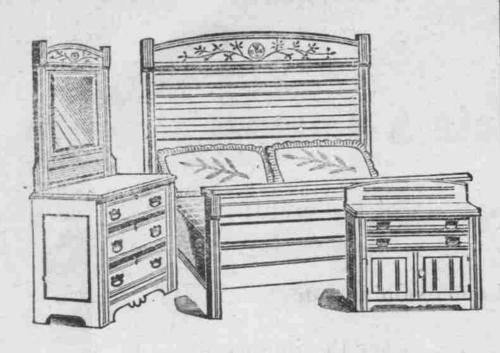
VOL. XXXVI.

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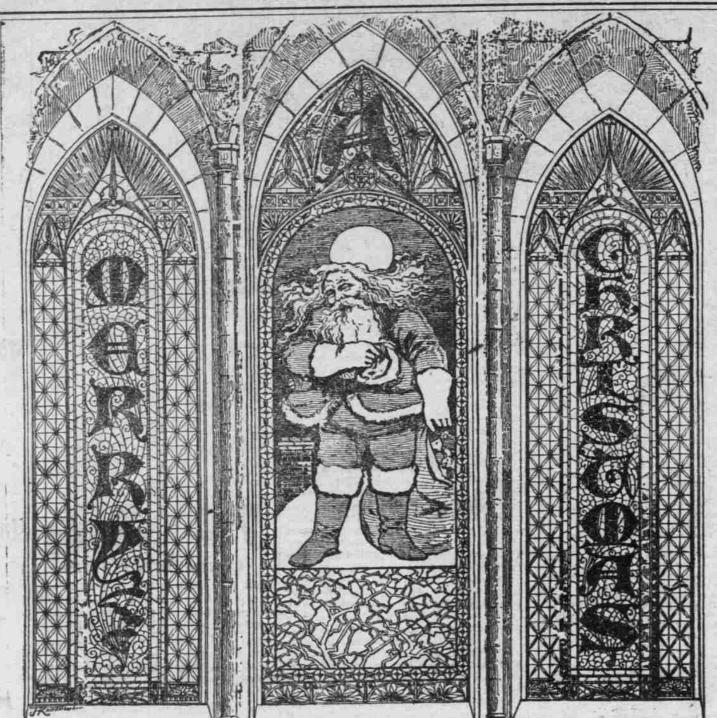
WEDDING PRESENTS

----IN----

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DEAD IN THE DESERT.

T WAS the 24th

orward to spending the Christmas holinardino, on the other side of the Sierras. On the 23d the wagons, pack mules and all the men, excepting three who with myself, crossed the range that eparates the Mojave (pronounced Mohav-ee) desert from the flowering and fruitful paradise of southern California. For six weeks we had been working in the desert, running lines, taking elevations and plotting our work at night by the smoky light of dried creosote and sapless sage brush. At times we were sixty miles from the nearest water, and when obtained the water was alkaline. Many of our pack mules, maddened by thirst, broke their ropes and wandered further into the

Hard tack and bacon, and not too the men since we entered the desert, and so the most cheerful became grum,

would appear to mock us with lakes and streams in which were reflected the spires, domes and minarets of grand oriental cities, such as might have been built by the genii of architecture.

the purple Sierras glowed like mighty fire opals in the light of the setting sun.

We found fresh horses at the pass, and then, although quite tired, we pushed on with all speed for the beautiful town of San Bernar ino. It was half past 5 in the afternoon, and we hoped to reach the pass by dark, of orange blossoms and perennial helio-where fresh horses would carry us to the trope filled the air, and the ripple of town before midnight and Christmas

a little to the right. A glance through my field glass revealed the outlines of a prostrate man and horse, stretched out

Years of this wild life had accustomed is to such sights. Yet as our hearts were full of thoughts of the joyous Christmas days of the past and of the which we were to enjoy on the morrow, there was something inexpressibly sad in the presence of death at such a time and doors. There and at the foot of the purple mountains, beyond which lay Eden.

We reined in our thin, panting horses and dismounted. In that atmosphere no organic substance decays-it shrivels up and becomes as hard and indestructible as the glistening volcanic rocks that surround it; but enough remained to tell us that the horse had once been a noble creature, and the saddle and equipments were such as the wealthy Mexicans of southern California delight in.

The man was of medium height, and the carbine, pistols and knife, still belted about his shrunken waist, indicated ability to resist. He was young. The long, dark hair and the silky mustache, through which the white teeth gleamed, told this. We opened the saddlebags and found \$200 in gold, the titles to a lot of California mining lands made out to one "Louis Bolton," and a bundle of letters tied with a blue ribbon.

In the middle of the bundle there were

two vignettes-one that of a sweet faced, motherly lady, the other that of a beautiful girl, the name "Dora" at the bottom of the picture being surrounded by a delicately painted wreath of forget-These letters were dated at "The

Elms," but, as the envelopes were destroyed, there was nothing to indicate the town, state or land. One read as follows, and, enriously enough, it was dated Christmas eve, a year before: "My Darling Boy—I think of you at all times, but on Christmas eve you fill eise, and if it were not for Dora, who has come to cheer me, I fear I could not stand it. 'Where is my Louis topicht?' handsome young man, and I at once took him to my room and showed him the arms and saddlebags. stand it. 'Where is my Louis tonight?' This question haunts me, and I picture his arms about my neck, and to my suryou out in the deserts of that wild land, eless and friendless, still hunting for gold. Ah, my boy, come back! Better poverty than this awful anxiety. But we cannot be poor where there is so

kisses and blessings from Mother." A CHRISTMAS STORY BY ALFRED R. CAL before. I cannot pretend to quote it in

"Do not think me impatient," she urged, "but I feel more and more that of December, wealth does not mean happiness, and me in charge of oped in the fierce struggle for gold, And can afford to live our brief lives apart. "You must not think that I am indifthe officers and men had been eagerly looking feet as I write. I call your name, 'Louist feet as I write. I call your name, 'Louist and lazy, lies at my

my Louis!' and the dog starts up and

rushes to the door with a joyous bark, but he much of that, had been the only food of hears no loved voice or footstep, and he comes back dejected and lies down with a moan. Ah, dear boy! if that dumb brute mourns your absence, how must it

And so the letter went on, full of love officers came to speak in whispers, for and gossip and gossip and love, till it our throats were dry and our lips ended with "Ever and forever, Dora." cracked. Everything with moisture in | We laid the body at the base of a vollike dazzling snow. The fantastic hills tributed the arms and saddlebags, so as and mesas were crumbling and burning to save our horses, and resumed our up in the forceful and persistent fires of march for the west, where the peaks of exidation. And amid all this the mirage the purple Sierras glowed like mighty

We were out of the desert. The color

There never was such a clear, gloriou the east followed the star to Bethleher child. Lights flashed through the groves We found the hotel ablaze with light



women and handsome men wherever one turned. From the wide parlors came the rythmic fall of feet and the swell of music. Here was Eden, but on asking the landlord the reason for these festivities,

"It is a wedding. Mr. Louis Bolton, whose bride and mother reached here yesterday from the east, was married to-"Louis Bolton?" I repeated, and I

The landlord introduced me to a tall, As soon as he saw the titles, he threw "You have brought a wedding present that makes me rich, rich as any honest man wants to be!"

Briefly, Mr. Bolton's papers and much
of his ready money had been stolen six

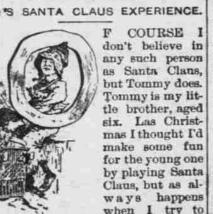
vein, and it ended, "With love and months before by a Mexican desperado named Guan Chauz. The man was he next letter was also written at chased into the desert where he perished, full, but every line bespoke a noble "Dora" that night, and I drank to their womanhood and a profound love for the health and prosperity as the church bells

Early Christmas Carols. Christmas carols have been sung ever since the rude tribes of Germany were converted to Christianity. There are books by the score containing hundreds gineers who were full of objects worthy our love that we of them. Bishop Taylor observes that the "Gloria in Excelsis," the well known hymn sung by the angels to the shepferent to the self denial you exert and herds at our Lord's Nativity, was the Durandus to prove that in earlier ages of the church the bishops were accustomed on Christmas day to sing carols by the dangers which my fancy conjures among their clergy. The original of the Anglo-Norman carol (translated by Douce) of the date Thirteenth century is in the Br' sh museum. It begins: Now, Le dings, listen to our ditty,

In 1521, ynkyn de Warde printed a set of Christmas carols. One of them was "A Carol bi, 1gyng in the Bore's Head." Changer aliudes to it in his "Franklein's

ames sitteth by the fire with double berd, And he drinketh of his bugle-horne the wine Before him standeth the braune of the tusked

BILLY'S SANTA CLAUS EXPERIENCE.



mas I thought I'd I went to bed pretty early on Christmas eve so as to give my parents a chance to get the presents out of the closet in mamma's room, where they had

been locked up since they were bought. I kep my close on except my shoes, and put my nightgown over them so as I'd look white if any of them came near me. Then I waited, pinchin myself to keep awake. After awhile papa came into the room with a lot of things that he dumped on Tommy's bed. Then mamma came in and put some things on mine and in our two stockings that were hung up by the chimney. Then they both went out very quiet, and soon all the lights went out too.

I kep on pinchin myself and waitin for a time, and then when I was sure that everybody was asleep I got up. The first thing I went into was my sister's room, and got her white fur rug that mamma gave her on her birthday, and her sealskin cap that was hanging on the closet door. I tied the cape on my head with shoestrings and it made a good big cap. Then I put the fur rug around me and pinned it with big safety pins what I found on Tommy's garters. Then I got mamma's new scrap basket, trimmed with roses, what Mrs. Simmons broidered for the church fair, and piled all of the kid's toys into it. I fastened it to my back with pane's suspenders and my back with papa's suspenders, and

scuttle, but kept right on. It was snowing hard and I stood and let myself get ness of doing such an act will inspire us pretty well covered with flakes. Then I crawled over to the chimney that went down into our room and allighted the course of the lown into our room and climbed up on Christmas is always associated with top of it. I had brought my bicycle the good Jesus who, whether regarde antern with me and I lighted it so as as God or man, was the purest, kindest, Tommy could see me when I came down poblest being that has walked the earth. the chimney into the room.



There did not seem to be any places inside the chimney where I could hold on by my feet, but the celling in our room was not very high and I had often jumped most as far, as

I jes let her go, and I suppose I went down. Anyway, I did not know about anything for a long time. Then I woke up all in the dark with my head feelin queer, and when I tried to turn over in bed I found I wasn't in bed at all, and then my arms and legs began to hurt terrible, mostly one arm that was doubled up. I tried to get up, but I couldn't because my bones hurt so and I was terrible cold and there was nothing to stand on. I was jes stuck. Then began to cry, and pretty soon I heard mamma's voice sayin to papa; "Those must be sparrers that are making that noise in the chimney. Jes

touch a match to the wood in the boys I heard papa strike a light and then the wood began to crackle. Then, by

jinks! it began to get hot and smoky and "Help! Murder! Put out that fire less you want to burn me up!" Then I heard papa stamping on the wood and mamma calling out: "Where's Billy? Where is my chile?" Next Tommy woke up and began t

cry and everything was terrible, specially the pains all over me. Then papa called out very stern: "William, if you are in that chimney come down at once!" and I answered cryin, that I would if I could, but I was stuck and couldn't.

Then I heard papa gettin dressed, and pretty soon he and John from t. stable went up on the roof and let down ropes what I put around me and they nauled me up. It was jes daylight and I was all black

and sooty and scratched and my arm Everybody scolded me excep mamm I had spoiled my sister's white rug, and broken all of Tommy's toys, and the snow what went in through the scuttle melted and marked the parlor ceiling, besides I guess it cost papa a good deal to get my arm mended. Nobody would believe that I had jes meant to make some fun for Tommy, and my arm and all my bruis.d places hurt me awful for

am never goin to play Santa Claus agin. CORNELIA REDMOND. OLD TIME RHYMES,

a long time. If I live to be a million I

Some Quaint Christmas Verses of Other It was Thomas Tusser who, nearly three and a half centuries ago, advised all people to at-

Christmas play and make good cheer, in his quaint book, entitled "Five Hundrede Pointes of Good Husbandrie, but it was previous to this that there had been issued a mock play called "Alexander and the King of Egypt," the conclusion of which is given in Ray's "Collection of Proverbs," as follows:

Bounce Buckram, velvets dear, Christmas comes but once a year; And when it comes it brings good cheer, But when it's gone, it's never the near. [Note-Bounce Buckram is equivalent throw away your old clothes."] Again, in a rare tract published in

1653, are the lines: Let's dance and sing and make good cheer. For Christmas comes but once a year. Herrick, in his "Hesperides," treats:

Of Christmas sports, the Wassell Boulo
That tost up, after Fox-f'-th'-hole;
Of Blind-man buffe, and of the care
That young men have to shoos the Mare;
Of Ash-heapes, in the which yo use
Husbands and wives by streakes to chuse;
Of crackling laurell, which fore-sounds
A plenteous harvest to your grounds. A writer in The Gentleman's Magazine or May, 1784, tells us that "the drink ng the Wassail bowl or cup was, in all robability, owing to keeping Christma in the same manner they had before the Feast of Yule. There was nothing the any such person for the master of the house to fill a large as Santa Claus, bowl or pitcher, to drink out of it first himself, and then give to him that sat

In Poor Robin's Almanac for 1677, in the beginning of December, he observes for the young one which salutary advice is still to be heed-

next, and so it went around."

by playing Santa
Claus, but as always happens
when I try to
Fifteenth centuries, and of this Herrick

My merry, merrie boys.
The Christmas Log to the firing,
While my good Dame, she
Bids ye all be free
And drink to your heart's desiring;
"With the last year's Brand
Light the new Block," and

For good success in his spending,
On your pealteries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the Log is a-teending.
Drink now the strong beere,
Cut the white loafe here
The while the meat is a-shredding:

For the rare mince ple And the plums stand by To fill the paste that's a-kneading, ALBERT P. SOUTHWICK.

CHRISTMAS APHORISMS.

Pope Telesphorus, who died before the middle of the Second century, deserved canonizing, if for nothing else, for instituting Christmas as a festival. It has been celebrated ever since in all Christian lands, and has given more happicalendar. Making children happy is

holiday than a religious one. But it is religious in the best sense, since it is a

The most satisfactory way to observe Christmas is to do at least one good act

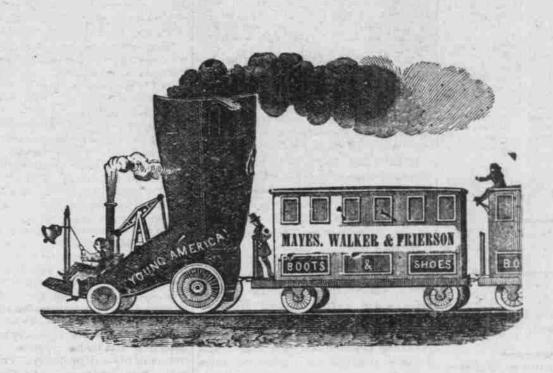
He has inspired love in saint and sinner. in devotee and skeptic alike. Men may wrangle about creeds; but about Jesus and his beautiful life there can hardly be any difference of opinion, for he pitied all who suffered and strove to heal every aching heart.

Christmas has gradually evolved out of its theology and has come to stand for a festival of love. Therefore all men love it, for throughout the universe love is born of love and is worshiped for its

A clear conscience furnishes the best digestion for a Christmas dinner. Christmas is a day to form good reso lutions. It is easier to form them on that or any other day than to keep

them for a single month, No conscientions person can enjoy his Christmas dinner if he knows anybody else within reach to be hungry. The consciousness that we have given food to the needy provides us with the finest

theology, from Christ and mass. In these practical and luxurious days it might signify that we should try to imitate Christ in dealing with the mass of mankine, who are usually more or less unfortunate. By so dealing with them we should make all days Christmas days.



FEDLESS WASTE

Of money is a frequent thing with improvident persons who go around complaining of

HARD TIMES

and say they "don't see how they are to get along in this world.

STOP COMPLAINING,

but put on your thinking cap, and we will suggest a remedy for you, that will make you

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Mayes, Walker & Frierson.